

Twenty Questions by Jancys_Blue_Bayou

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Summary:

"Hey, I know what we should do," Nancy says after a while.

"What?"

"Play Twenty Questions."

"Why?" He chuckles.

"Because it'll be fun."

"Okay. You start."

Twenty Questions

Author's Note:

Day 6 of Jancy Fanfic Week is Genre Day, basically anything goes. So I took the opportunity to finish off a really old draft. This is just short and sweet, them being tipsy fluffy dorks.

Their story exposing the Lab breaks in the morning. In the evening they break out the vodka bottle Murray gave them, to celebrate. Will is at a sleepover at her house, his mom is out doing *something* with Hopper.

"To taking down The Man," Nancy says and clinks their glasses together.

"Taking down The Man," he repeats.

The vodka makes them both grimace.

"Maybe water it down some more?" He suggests.

"A little bit," she agrees.

Turns out they suck at mixing so it takes awhile for them to work out what is a good level for them. Nancy insists that trial and error is the only way to get it right so it takes a couple of glasses and in the end he's not sure if they so much got it down to a good level or if they're now just too buzzed to care.

"Hey, I know what we should do," Nancy says after a while.

"What?"

"Play Twenty Questions."

"Why?" He chuckles.

"Because it'll be fun."

"Okay. You start."

"Okay. Umm... what's your favorite color?"

"Black."

"Ooh, you're so dark and broody," she teases. "Also is it really black or do you just like Joy Division that much that you think black is your favorite color?"

"Hey!" He protests, then seems to think about it. "Hm. It may actually be blue. Or green."

"Teal?" She suggests.

"Teal?" He wonders.

"Like blue-green. Like your striped sweater. The one you wore in the woods, last year."

"Oh right! Yes, I like that color. And that sweater. Hey, I haven't seen it in forever, have you seen it?"

"Nope," she quickly answers, while glancing to her closet where it's still stashed, since he left it with her a year ago. It's great. Comforting. Smells like him. She loves it.

He gets a curious look in his eyes.

"You can keep it," he smiles.

She blushes and looks down, a little bit embarrassed about getting caught out. But not really, since it's him. Feels good to be around him.

"Thanks."

"What's your favorite color?" He asks.

"Soft pink."

"Ooh you're so... um... that's just adorable."

She starts to giggle but collects herself when she remembers it's her turn.

"Favorite candy?"

"Twizzlers. You?"

"Reese's Peanut Butter Cups. Favorite holiday?"

"Christmas. You?"

"No! Come on, you can't just repeat my questions."

"Oh, okay. Um... favorite breakfast food?" He asks, with a clear agenda.

"Pancakes. If you were an animal what animal would you be?"

"Umm... I don't know, a dog? Or a wolf, so people would leave me alone."

"Uh-uh, that's wrong."

"What do you mean, you can't answer wrong in Twenty Questions."

"Yes you can, you just did."

"What?"

"You're not a wolf."

"Okay, then what am I?"

"Hmm... you're a bunny."

"What?!"

"You're like a big fluffy bunny. Like *my* big fluffy bunny."

"I... what?"

"You're nice and soft and warm and cuddly," she explains. Then she has a small drunken Eureka moment as she remembers something, something he told her long ago. "You're like Thumper!"

"Hey!"

"What? I'm a fan of Thumper, just like you," she says and plants a kiss to the tip of his nose.

"Hmpf. So I'm just soft and cuddly?" He says, playfully acting mock-hurt.

"No! You are those things. Which I love. And you're also smart and strong and handsome and funny and hot and attentive and a good listener and caring and you make me feel good and you make me feel safe and you're hot and handsome and strong and hot and-"

He silences her with a kiss before he breaks out giggling.

"And you're repetitive."

"Hey!" She lightly smacks him on the arm. "Learn how to take a compliment."

"You're smart and strong and beautiful and funny and really hot and you make me feel so good and you're cunning and I love cuddling with you and you're a total badass."

She blushes.

"Learn how to take a compliment," he teases.

"Oh shut up. Come here instead," she replies and pulls him down with her as she lies back on the couch.

Between giggles they kiss again and again. She loves his broad shoulders, how he covers her. The warm fuzzy feeling in her tummy is part vodka, part being with Jonathan. He giggles with her and turns them around so not to crush her, so that he instead lies on his back and she on top of him. He holds her close, so close, and keeps kissing her. The game long forgotten about, she could stay like this forever, right here, in his arms.